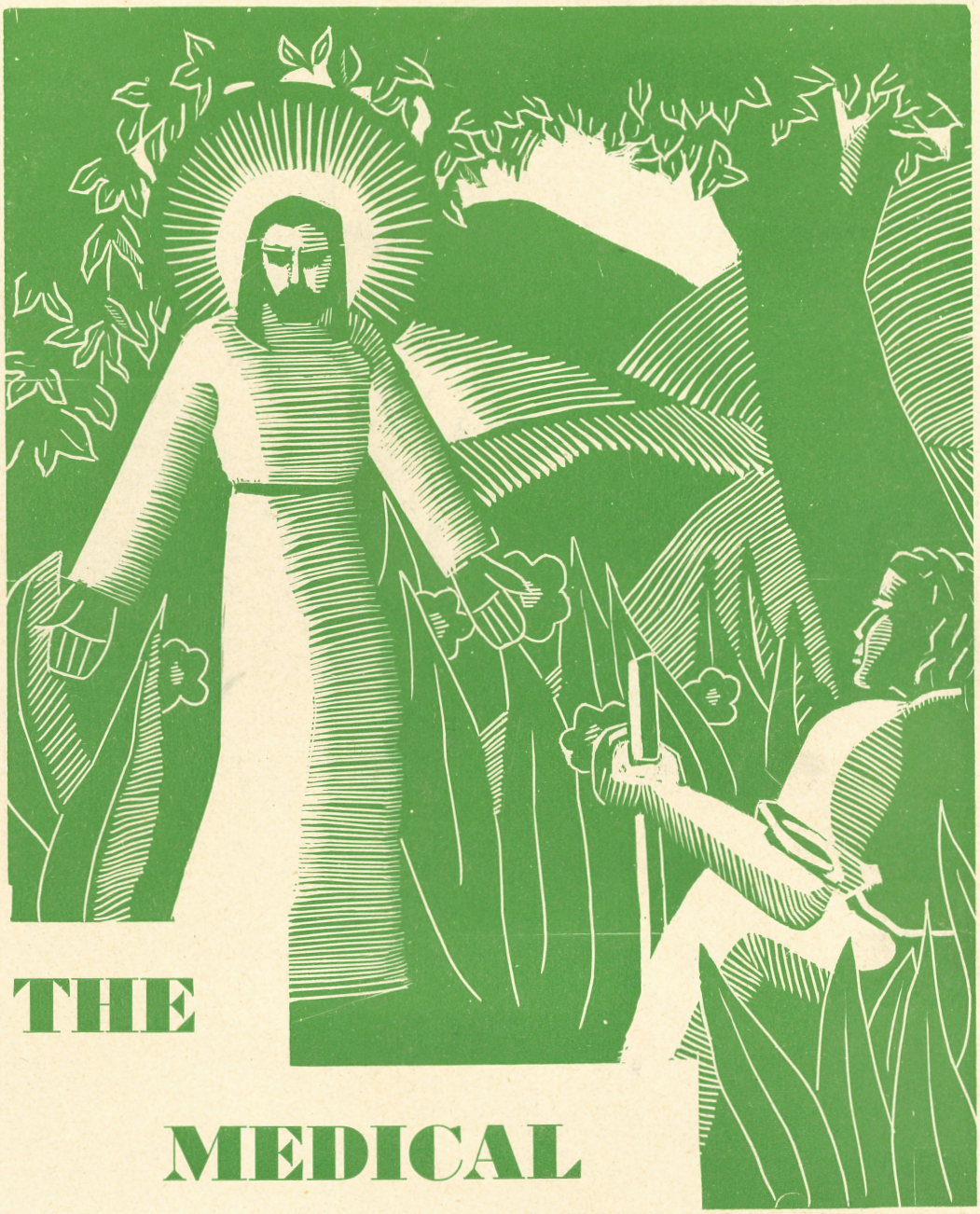

Woodcut

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

VOL. XV JUNE, 1941 NO. 6

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ACROSS THE PAGES . . .

DOCTOR EDERER is a dentist of Morris, Minn., who has spent several periods with the Eskimos of the Arctic coast—and enjoyed it. "It gives me great pleasure to work with Missionaries in any part of the world; and at present I am trying to better inform the American people about the work of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Prior to the war they received all financial aid from the countries of Europe but, of course, that is all gone now, and they must depend upon Canada and the United States for assistance."

OUR FIRST LETTER from Doctors Tummers and Wijnen, mailed from Rawalpindi, describes their journey from Manila to Holy Family Hospital in the first trans-Pacific voyage of the Medical Missionaries.

"AT THIS PENTECOST time of the year, one is reminded of those hundreds of invalids who go into the house of God on Montmartre in Paris, with their beds not on their backs, but underneath them, that they may offer their own burden for the burden of the world. Here is heroic Christian charity . . . **For it is in this Christian consecration of our human burden, in union with Christ's Sacrifice, that suffering is transformed from frustration into redemption."** .

SISTER MARGARET MARY, Dr. Helen Lalinsky, Sister Alma Julia and Sister M. Pauline all contribute their bit to the "Vacation Symposium." A vacation really counts for something when, within the space of a few hours (and a climb of 4000 feet) one can escape from a temperature of 116° to the refreshing coolness of a mere 88°!

PATNA IS remodeling . . . with "second-class bricks, mud, cow-dung and whitewash"—and a few contributions from the workshop of Father Loesch, S.J. Sister M. Laetitia gives a brief report of the hospital to date.

AND WITH VACATIONS just around the corner, you will not want to miss Tic's "Soliloquy"!

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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SISTER M. TIMOTHY, S.C.M.M.
Editor

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The figures appearing on the address label of your magazine indicate the date of expiration. For example: 1-41 means that the subscription is paid to January, 1941. The first figure (1) indicates the month; the second (41), the year.

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity, and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

For further information apply to:

Sister Superior

MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE

8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mission Sunday for the Sick

In the range of human experience there is an endless variety of situations which have to be faced and dealt with. For us Catholics, these situations are so many talents to be traded with. One among them that can bear manifold interest is the trying cross of sickness or enforced inactivity due to chronic illness or disability of some kind.

While Catholics are aware that such sufferings are meritorious if endured for the love of God, the Church has recently given the sick new incentive to suffer cheerfully and patiently, by instituting "Mission Sunday" for them. The glorious Feast of Pentecost was appropriately chosen for it.

The purpose of "Mission Sunday for the Sick" is to give those who are ill an impetus to offer their sufferings to God as an incense, so to speak, to rise to God as a plea for the conversion of the pagan world.

Would that all the sick, halt, lame and blind, all shut-ins, all who suffer torture of body or mind, could hear of Mission Sunday and carry the spirit of it through every day of the year. The effect would radiate heavenward to glorify God; paganward, to change darkness into light; and inward to their own souls, converting dull and passive endurance into purposeful active endurance, which puts light in the eye and joy in the heart.

In sickness as in health, the secret of happiness is to do one's share to make others happy, for as Emerson said: "Nobody can sprinkle rose-water on others without getting at least a little on himself."

The writer knows a sister who has been bedridden for over twenty years. She has no idle moments. Her suffering is work for souls. Some missionary may reap a rich harvest as a result of her sowing in tears. She has a scrap-book of missionaries; she gathers information, stamps and funds; on rare occasions she writes to cheer those who labor in the distant vineyard. For her, every day of the year is Mission Day.

Every year, the Kingdom of Christ is extended further and further, it is true; counting the losses however, the gains are not so enormous. If the potential wealth of prayers, sacrifices and suffering were tapped more, perhaps there would be more substantial, more rapid conquests. This hope should make us enthusiastic to popularize Mission Sunday for the Sick, and spare no effort until it penetrates to every hospital, sanitarium, home for incurables—everywhere that there is an invalid.

—Anna Dengel, S.C.M.M.

Mohammed was once asked: "Who is my neighbor?"

The Prophet replied: "He is your neighbor who lives within forty houses from your dwelling."

Mohammed did not realize, nor do his followers today understand, the answer of the catechism to the question: "Who is my neighbor..' Hence the wonder of the Mussulmans at the spectacle of the Charity of Christ; of foreigners, even women, ministering to the unfortunate and diseased, chiefly the poor, irrespective of race or creed or social status.—THE BENGALESE, May, '41.

CONGRATULATIONS!

Congratulations to the Sisters of the Holy Cross, St. Mary's, Indiana, on the occasion of the centenary of their first foundation in America. The achievements of this Congregation in the field of education and of care of the sick are too well known to be enumerated here. However, we cannot forego this opportunity to express our appreciation and gratitude to the Sisters of the Holy Cross for their contribution to our Society. Canon Law prescribes that at least one member of a new religious society must make the canonical novitiate in an approved community. In our case, the Holy Cross Sisters, at the request of Rev. Michael A. Mathis, C.S.C., allowed Sister Agnes Marie to make her novitiate in St. Mary's, and thereby laid the foundation stone for the religious training in our Society—a great and never-to-be-forgotten service indeed, and one which leaves us indebted to the Community forever. The Sisters have added kindness after kindness. Our only hope of showing our gratitude lies in following their example of being helpful to beginners when our Society, with the help of God, is firmly rooted.

* * *

OUR ESSAY CONTEST

The winners of our essay contest are the following:

First prize: Mary Holmberg, St. Joseph Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.

Second prize: Dolores Martini, Our Lady of Angels High School, St. Bernard, Ohio.

Third prize: Anne Parmerie, St. Rosalie High School, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The first prize consisted of transportation and expenses for the C.S.M.C. Convention at Rochester, N. Y., June 27 to 29. The second prize provided transportation to the Convention, and the third, expenses (without transportation) for the Convention.

The subject on which the contestants wrote was "A Woman's Work."

We congratulate the winners, and hope that they will enjoy the convention. We are looking forward to meeting them and many other zealous Crusaders.

Missionaries of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate

Dentist Among the Eskimos

By

B. F. Ederer, D.D.S.

It was July, 1940, that I was again in the Far North along the Arctic Coast doing dental research among the natives of that region. At Tuktoyuktuk, I renewed acquaintances with many old friends, among them Father Franche, French missionary belonging to the order of Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

"The Eskimos really expect me to make a good wind blow for fishing," said Father Franche, as he gazed out at the distant ice pack on the Polar Sea. He shrugged. "You see, Doctor, they claim their medicine men could make the wind change at will."

Thus, the Christian Eskimo confronts the bearded priest with problems that can only be met with patience and tact, similar to the method of dealing with primitive people in any part of the world.

The "black robes" of the O.M. I.'s are more than equal to the task undertaken years ago when they first went among the Indian tribes of Central Canada and, from there, north to the Eskimos of the Canadian Arctic.

"Beavers of the North" was the name applied to them by a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. One recognizes it as a fitting title when one has studied the records which show how these brave men journey on dog sleds and in canoes to unknown wilderness regions. They have no idle moments, for when at their mission post, they must accumulate fuel for the long winter, make dried fish for their dogs and for themselves, and take care of all the little details to insure their safety. It is this ability to work so well that has inspired a fellow northerner to compare them to the ever-busy and very capable animal—the beaver.

Straight from Paulaktuk came Father Biname who has been among the Eskimos for many years. I asked him for information about the natives he knows, and this is what he said:

"The western Eskimos are more 'civilized,' as they say. They have been in contact with 'white whalers' some fifty or sixty years. They are a mixed type, most of them being half-breeds.

"These western Eskimos are hunters upon occasion; but their main occupation is trapping — white foxes in Banks Land and along the coast, colored foxes close to the timber line, muskrats in the Mackenzie Delta. In exchange for their fur, they receive in the 'store' what they need—flour, rolled oats, corn meal, sugar, butter, jam.

"Their food is about the same as that of the white people. If their catch of furs is good enough to permit the expense most of them will go to a dentist in town during the summer time and submit their jaws to a complete overhauling! Afterwards, one will see a 'goldish smile' brightening up their faces. When no dentist is available, any one of them will be the surgeon for extracting the tooth of his neighbor. Their complete lack of 'nervosity' makes them good patients—and good dentists as well, when required. But about all a native could do in the case of a decayed tooth is to extract it.

" 'Teeth troubles' seem to be more frequent amid the young generation. Old Eskimos even now will live quite comfortably on meat and fish, which is still their main diet. They eat it cooked or raw in the summer time, and frozen in the winter. Usually, they prefer half-rotten meat or fish to fresh. Before they eat it, they dip it into 'oksok' to make it more delicious. The 'oksok' (seal or porpoise oil) is an important part in their diet, as it gives them more calories than any other food, and it contains apparently more vitamins and also aids their health, acting as a lubricant for their whole system. Eskimos of the new generation would find it very hard if they had to live without any flour, sugar, milk, jam, etc., for what was only a luxury to their forefathers has become a necessity to them. They not only use all kinds of foods which are to be found in the 'store,' but often they abuse them, especially candies and sugar, and it is for this reason that while their old parents are still preserving their teeth, these young Eskimos quite often suffer from dental troubles worse than any white man's.

"The Eskimos of the Kogmaliks group are more primitive, and more typical of a pure race. They have been in contact with civilization for a comparatively shorter time. Even now the prices for them are so prohibitive that they can only purchase a few of all the 'luxuries' that the western Eskimos use and enjoy quite freely.

"The Kogmaliks are hunters rather than trappers. They live mostly on seal, caribou and fish. They may have also porpoise meat or fat, and bear meat. Once in a while, the odd 'siksik' or ground squirrel, a few ptarmigans, some Arctic hare, geese, and bustards, will be the occasion for an 'extra.' However, the main food for these people is their seal or caribou meat with the 'oksok," and fish, principally salmon.

"They never depend much on flour, milk, butter, and other things from 'outside' as do the other Eskimos of the west. The fuel for light as well as for cooking is the seal oil which is sometimes scarce. Most of the time, they eat their food raw and frozen. It is good exercise for their teeth, and really, a good salmon eaten that way is something delicious when you get accustomed to it. The Kogmaliks generally have very good teeth—some of them are like a pair of pliers! They almost could bend iron with them. In fact, they use them as pliers most of the time!

"All Eskimo women, both in the west and in the east, use their teeth for the preparation of seal and 'ougiak' skins. The 'ougiak' is the bearded seal, heavier than the common seal. His hide is thick and tough and very suitable for the soles of Eskimo boots. It is the work of the ladies to chew that tough skin with their teeth and make it supple enough to be shaped as required for the purpose of making boots waterproof!

"After the sole has been cut out of the 'ougiak' skin, the Eskimo woman chews the front and the back part of that sole into folds that will enable her to make it fit to the top of the boots. The top of the boot is itself made out of seal skin prepared in the same way. These Eskimo boots are much lighter than rubber boots and are perfectly waterproof.

"The Eskimo woman uses her teeth not only in the preparation of seal skin for boots, but more generally in the preparation of any skin used for dress. That means that she has to chew quite a lot of skins in her life, since nearly all the clothes for her husband, her children, and herself are made out of seal or caribou skin! Yet, such work does not seem to affect her teeth too much. Old women have their teeth worn by work, but what is left of them is strong, tough and sound. Especially in the East, old ladies may have their teeth half worn off with chewing skins for years, but still it seems that a toothache is unknown to them."

The Caribou provides food and clothing for the Eskimo

Trans-Pacific Diary

By

Elise Wijnen, S.C.M.M., M.D.

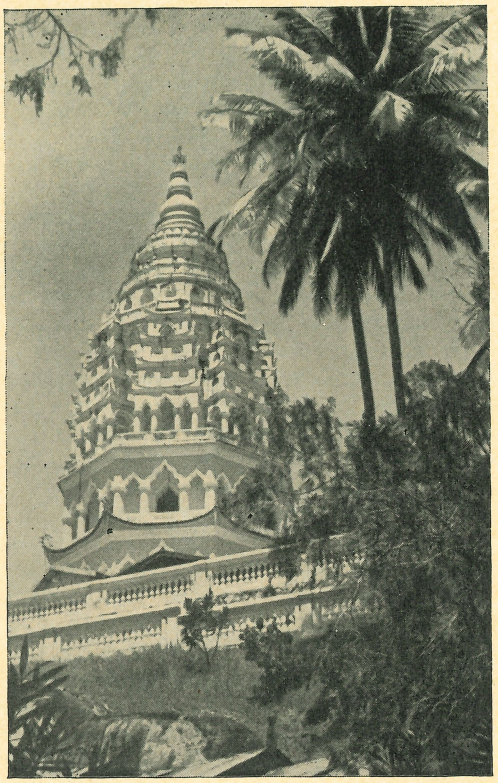
On Board S. S. Taylor, February 3, 1941.

Well, here we are, almost on the last lap of our journey. We'll be in Singapore tomorrow — we're making excellent time at present. Manila was delightful, from the very first moment we landed. After a farewell to some of the passengers who were disembarking, we took a taxi and drove through "old Manila," the walled-in, ancient Spanish part of the town, and paid a visit to the Belgian Sisters, the Canonesses of St. Augustine. They have an orphanage and school for Philippine children. The building itself is lovely—old-fashioned, thick-walled and white, with porches all around the little courtyard. The Philippine girls make beautiful lace for altar linens, wedding veils, bedspreads, etc.

The Sisters were glad to hear from their absent colleagues in the States, and we had a very pleasant visit. Later their chauffeur drove us out to the Convent of the Dutch Franciscans who conduct St. Joseph's Academy. As soon as the Sisters realized that we were really Dutch and that Doctor Tummers was the niece of their former superior, Mother Chantal, we were treated and feasted like long-lost friends! We stayed in their convent over-night and had two Masses the next morning, one of them a "missa recitata"—just like home! Of course we had to tell about the Society and our work, both in Dutch and in English, for the benefit of the Philippine Sisters.

St. Joseph's Academy is a flourishing grade and high school in New Manila, surrounded by a lovely garden where bougainvillea, papaya, banana and cocoanut trees provided a feast for our eyes. In the morning the Sisters took us for a long drive into "the Province," as they call the countryside, around Tagaitay lake, through beautiful palm groves and lush green scenery, in the mountains and along the beach. In Las Pinas Church we saw the only bamboo organ in existence, built in 1762 by a Spanish priest, and still in good repair. It has a peculiar, flute-like sound which is very attractive. When we got thirsty we stopped along the roadside and had a cool refreshing drink right out of a cocoanut knocked down from the palm before our very eyes!

After a chicken dinner and a pleasant chat with Father Henaghan, of the Maynooth Columban Fathers, we went back to the boat. On our way in we visited the Maryknoll Sisters in St. Paul's Hospital, right in the heart of the walled-in town. We saw their nursery, (where they had triplets) and the operating room, built in the old Spanish mission style of about a hundred and fifty years ago, cool, high, airy and comfortable, even in the worst heat.



Ayer Itam Temple in Penang

February 13.

Halfway to Colombo. The Indian Ocean is like a mirror and a steady breeze makes the heat quite bearable. We were in Singapore for five days. Loading and unloading in "coolie style" takes time. It was very amusing to watch, there were always at least three coolies to do the shouting for one who was working. We took a lot of tin and rubber, and all through

the night the noise of the cranes and the musty smell of the rubber vied with the heat in trying to keep us awake. We were usually glad to get up at five o'clock to go to the Cathedral for Mass. It would still be pitch-dark at that hour, and we had to walk for about twenty minutes to get out of the gate. Empty jinrikishas would come out of the gloom, the bare feet of the pullers slap-slapping softly on the paved road. With no lights and scarcely a sound, they would suddenly appear, and then disappear once more into the dimness, like ghosts in a dream.

Father Maury, a French priest of the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary, showed us some of the sights of Singapore. He has been in Malaya for thirty-eight years and speaks five Chinese dialects, besides Tamul and Malayan—quite a feat! He took us out to the home of a wealthy Chinese family, where we celebrated their "New Year."

We also visited the Little Sisters of the Poor, who, in five years' time, have put up a handsome white stucco building housing two hundred-fifty old people and twelve sisters—and a lovely big chapel is included. They were helped by two Chinese benefactors, not Catholics. The place was attractive, the atmosphere happy, clean, contented, despite the inevitable amount of sickness, disability and blindness among the old people. The house is located right on the outskirts of Singapore; in fact, the monkeys come in from the jungle and steal the fruit off the streets.

On another day we saw the Holy Infant Academy, a large school for girls, conducted by French nuns from Mans. These sisters have been on the island for eighty-seven years. There are about eighteen hundred children in the school, counting day pupils, first and second class boarders, orphans and abandoned babies. These last gave us our first glimpse of real Oriental misery. Such puny little creatures, several of them dying before they had ever lived, covered with sores right up to the eyes, whining feebly and barely able to swallow. They come in at the rate of four to eight a day, most of them lasting just long enough to get their ticket. Some of the older babies who had actually survived the first year, showed the effects of their earlier neglect. Several were blind, due to neglected eye infections; there were three idiots, one of them paralyzed as well; and the whole group, though devotedly cared for by an old French lay sister and her helpers, looked underprivileged and handicapped, both mentally and physically. It is faith that sees the beauty and value of their innocent souls under that exterior!

Our stay in Penang wasn't quite as long as, and certainly less noisy than, the one in Singapore, but it was hot! The nicest part about being in Penang was the fact that we had Mass on February eleventh. So we were with you in spirit on our "big feast day," even if our Masses were almost twelve hours apart.

Penang seems much quieter and cleaner than Singapore, more residential and less cosmopolitan. The same French nuns have a school here, similar to the one in Singapore, but the buildings are much nicer and newer and command a grand view over the ocean.

February 19.

Our last day on the S. S. President Taylor.

Colombo was our last stop. We didn't know a soul on the whole island of Ceylon, but with our usual good luck (or rather **your** prayers and a kind Providence) we landed in the parlor of the only **Irish** priest in the whole city! In five minutes we had known each other all our lives! Father Brennan first gave us a cup of Singhalese tea "to steady the nerves" before he would take us in his "baby Austin" for a drive through the native town. We realized that this had been a wise precaution when he started to thread his way past fruit stands and fish markets, nipping here a bushy-haired Singhalese and there a turbaned Indian, while long-eared yellow dogs and rickety little rikishas scattered right and left. It is positively astounding how many human beings, animals and vehicles can be crammed together into one narrow native street without becoming one hopeless tangle.

We landed in Colombo on Saturday, and in order to get to Mass on Sunday we decided to stay on land, because the launches do not run so early. There is no dock in Colombo, you see, so the ships have to stay out in the harbor and the passengers are carried to and fro in little steam launches. Father Brennan called the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, who very kindly put us up in St. Anthony's Convent and showed us around in the Colombo General Hospital, where about ninety sisters do the nursing and training of native girls. The hospital has about a thousand beds and a rapid turnover—sometimes as many as one hundred-twenty admissions a day. There is a great deal of malaria, typhoid, dysentery and pneumonia, with four busy surgical wards and a large maternity division.

The hospital made an excellent impression on us. The nursing seemed "first class," and the equipment thoroughly modern. They are having three or four blood transfusions a day, they give a great many intravenous injections of all kinds, the laboratory seems quite complete, and there is some interesting research going on in diabetes.

Sunday morning after breakfast we went to Hendala, the government leper asylum, where the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary do the nursing. The place is hopeessly overcrowded—eight hundred-fifty inmates on twenty-six acres! There is almost no occupational therapy, and as a result the patients get bored and disgruntled, despite the excellent nursing care and good food. Of course, with

---

Some everyday Urdu expressions, literal translation:

"My heart sat down,"—meaning, I lost heart.

"Apply your heart,"—that is, work diligently.

"Apply your ears,"—or in other words, listen attentively!

—Sister Alma Julia, Pindi.

such handicaps, the percentage of discharges is none too good.

Since we left Colombo and have been going north to Bombay, the weather has been simply glorious —not too hot, pleasantly windy, with many lazy white clouds drifting along the sky. Such sunsets! They defy description.

Rawalpindi, believe it or not!

February 28.

"Home" at last! We came to Pindi on the afternoon of the 26th. Everything is strange and new and yet we feel at home already. I think the explanation must be that the sisters haven't changed a bit; we simply picked up the threads where we left off three or more years ago! I am going to make you wait for my impressions of Pindi until I know a little more about it, but I don't mind giving away already that I am going to like this place very much!

So we'll go back to Bombay (in spirit only, I assure you!) and tell you about our landing. We came in about seven p.m., and we didn't see the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary until we were almost docked, although we had been straining our eyes for an hour or more. Such a welcome we got! Even Monsignor O'Donohoe had been there, but it took so long that he could not wait. The customs took their usual tedious old time, and it was nearly eleven before we got to Villa Theresa.

Monsignor wanted to take us up to Pindi himself, so we went about Bombay until Sunday evening. We saw Mother Keyes, of course, and the Sacred Heart College—a beautiful place; also the nursing home and a couple of schools in the city. On Saturday morning we went shopping for our bedding and "tiffin basket," and enjoyed it thoroughly.

At the last moment Monsignor insisted that we stop over in Delhi for the night, as he had also insisted that we travel "second class" instead of "inter." It worked out beautifully, for at the Presentation Convent in Delhi we found a sick sister whom we took up with us to Pindi. In Delhi itself we saw the Lady Harding Hospital, for women and staffed by women. It is a splendid place. Our tour included also a visit to the Cathedral and to the new Christian Brothers High School, under the personal direction of His Grace, the Archbishop of Delhi.

Finally the train pulled out of the station for the very last of all the last laps. There was a congressman on the train who **would** delay us at every station—to hold massmeetings on a small scale—but at four p.m. we actually arrived. Sister Margaret Mary, Doctor Lalinsky and Sister Stephanie were there to meet us, and took us home in two tongas. There we were garlanded and photographed in the good "Medical Mission style" (all but the garlands!). Thus the first trans-Pacific trip of the Medical Mission Sisters came to a happy end, and so does this diary!

June Mission Intention ---

For the Conversion of the Shintoists

From the very earliest times, the native religion of Japan has been Shintoism. It is said to date back as far as the seventh century, B.C., when the Emperor Jimmu Tenno, founder of the present Imperial line and supposed to be a direct descendant of the Sun-goddess, reigned.

Future emperors encouraged Shintoism because it not only fostered nature and ancestor worship, but also a national hero worship. The patriotic spirit was likewise strengthened by the Shinto recognition of the Emperors' divine descent, and consequently of his right to be the supreme mediator between the gods and men.

The main acts of the ancient religion were the worship of the gods and heroes. The principal directions for right living were: follow your heart, and obey your emperor. No definite moral code was compiled, nor were any sacred books written. Whatever philosophy of natural righteousness it has was borrowed, especially from Buddhism, which not only influenced Shintoism from without, but actually became almost one with it from the sixth century, A. D., to the nineteenth century.

In 1868, the Emperor Meiji brought about the "Shinto Restoration." All foreign importations were forbidden, and with this Buddhism fell into disfavor and pure Shintoism was made the state religion.

Present-day "Shinto" is made up of two groups: the religious body proper of Shintoism, and the cult in honor of the national heroes, known as "Official Shinto." The Government has defined this "Official Shinto" as a patriotic, not a religious, organization. Because its ceremonies are civic, Japanese Catholics may also take part in them.

There are about twenty-five million adherents of religious Shintoism in Japan today as compared with only about three hundred thousand Catholics. The Church has a vast field ahead of her and a huge task to bring the peace of Christ to the "Land of the Rising Sun."

"Thou Art the Physician"

By

The Rev. Benedict Ehmann

Woodc

" . . 'Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thy house.' And he arose, and went into his house."—Matt. IX. 6-7.

The circumstances attending this cure were more dramatic than usual. First, there was the persistence of the sick man's friends: finding it impossible, because of the crowd, to get into the house where Jesus was speaking, they went to the roof, made an opening there, and lowered the sick man with ropes before the Lord. The bed on which he lay would have been the usual Oriental quilt or thin mattress, and it is not hard to imagine the ordeal of pain he had to go through, being handled in this hard way.

Secondly, there was the association of this man's cure with the forgiveness of his sins. You will remember that there were scribes present who bridled when they heard Jesus say to the man with the palsy, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." These could be only the words of God, and the scribes and Pharisees were not ready to accept Jesus as God. But Jesus would be merciful to them as well as to the sick man. Their souls were crippled with the palsy of unbelief, and the cure of the sick man would be at the same time a sign to cure them. So Jesus said, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thy house."

The command to take up his bed would, perhaps, have been a practical reminder. The cure very likely so excited the lucky fellow that he would have plunged through the crowd and out into the open to run and leap in his new-found strength. But he could ill afford to leave his mattress behind him, and so Jesus incorporates this courteous reminder into His omnipotent command.

We have another instance of just this same thoughtful courtesy on the part of our Divine Master. It was after the raising of Jairus's daughter to life. Great commotion, we may be sure, and everybody forgetting a very practical need; but Jesus did not forget it, for each of the Evangelists who record this incident tells us that He bade them give the girl something to eat.

If the cure of the palsy was meant by Jesus to be the symbol of a deeper and more drastic cure of the soul from the palsy of sin, it will not be unreal to find a spiritual interpretation in Jesus' command to "take up thy bed and go into thy house."

In our Baptism we were incorporated into Jesus, and so into His work of Redemption. The palsy of sin was lifted from our souls, and divine life was poured into them. In the baptismal water we were buried into the death of Jesus, and out of it we came forth into His resurrection.

But we are not yet in our glorified state, as Jesus was after His resurrection. Our state of grace must still be carried about in infirmity. For our trial, God has willed that although by Baptism we are freed from sin, we should still be subject to mortality and concupiscence. This is what St. Paul was thinking about when he wrote to his Corinthian converts: **. . . though our outward man is corrupted, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For that which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation, worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory. (II Cor. iv. 16, 17)**

Even though we are cured of the palsy of sin, and have heard the words of forgiveness, we must nevertheless go to the house of our eternity bearing upon our souls the infirmity of the flesh. That is but a little portion of what our sinless Savior bore with the Cross upon His shoulder, and the weight of the whole world's sins upon His soul.

"The disciple is not above the master," Jesus tells His followers (Matth. x. 24); and He was at pains to show the two disciples on the road to Emmaus the true lesson of Redemption: "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into His glory?" (Luke. xxiv. 26).

But always we must remember that the Christian does not bear the burden of his infirmity alone. He is in Jesus, and Jesus is in him. Whatever he suffers, Jesus suffers in him. St. Paul said, "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Galatians. ii. 20) In perfect truth, that can be paraphrased, "I suffer, now not I, but Christ suffereth in me."

In His physical self, Jesus' passion and death were consummated on Calvary, and now He lives in glory at the right of the Father. But Jesus has communicated His life to His members, and in them He lives what has been called His mystical life, i.e., a life, real and true, but hidden within the souls of men. In this mystical life of Jesus, His passion continues throughout history, and will not end until the last Christian has died and been gathered into glory. In His members, Jesus still bears His cross along the roads of the world.

Consider the "via crucis" of this our day. In the countless refugees, in the homeless and dispossesed, in the unemployed, in the share-croppers, in the negroes, in the prisoners of concentration camps, Christ is still judged by Pilate, still has the cross thrust upon Him, still stumbles and falls along the rocky road, still is stripped and mocked, still is nailed and crucified. "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to me." (Matth. xxv. 40)

On this "via crucis," it is so easy for fellow-Christians to be indifferent by-standers. Each of us has the call to be a Veronica—to brave the tumult and the mockery, and with our charity to wipe the blood and filth from the face of Christ in our brethren. Each of us has the call of the Cyrenean, to help Christ in our neighbor bear His cross.

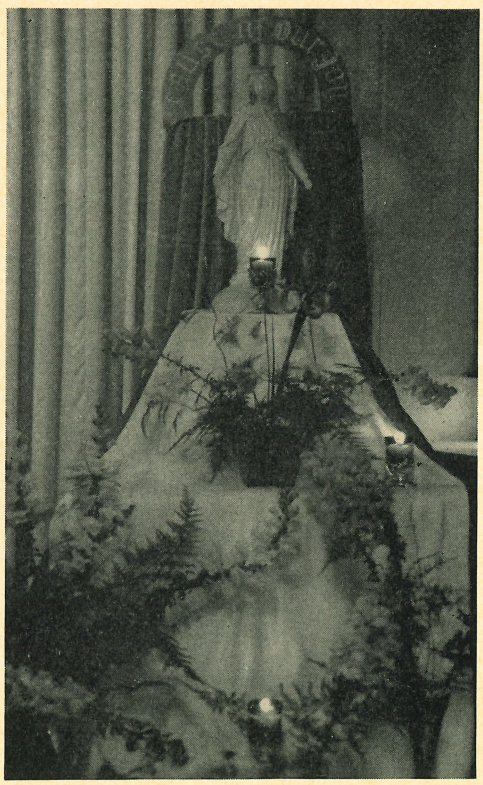
If we will let Him speak, the Christ in us calls out to the Christ in our brothers. Only so will come that recognition in truth and love which will sanctify the burden of our infirmity.

At this Pentecost-time of the year, one is reminded of those hundreds of invalids who go into the house of God on Montmartre in Paris, with their beds not on their backs but underneath them, that they may offer their own burden for the burden of the world. Here is heroic Christian charity. Throughout the world, medical missionaries will do their utmost to persuade their patients to a similar dedication of their sufferings. For it is in this Christian consecration of our human burden, in union with Christ's Sacrifice, that suffering is transformed from frustration into redemption.

The Spirit of Our Society

It is always dangerous to be dogmatic, and nothing could be more presumptuous than to make definite and final statements about a Society such as ours, which is only fifteen years old. Yet even in this short time, certain characteristics have become apparent. The variety of human personalities and the broadmindedness of the Church help to develop each new order along different lines, although the foundation is the same everywhere—the rock bottom of divine and ecclesiastical laws.

If we may venture, therefore, to discuss the characteristics of our Society, we would put in the first place our love of the Liturgy. We had the great good fortune to be born in a time, and guided in our first years by persons imbued with the liturgical movement of today. This has put a stamp on our daily lives which we hope never to lose. From the "Missa recitata," during which all our sisters give the



"Our Lady Cause of Our Joy"

Laudate Dominum Omnes Gentes

responses in unison, until the evening prayers of the Church, the beautiful "Compline," we live and breathe in union with the "Opus Dei," the truly Catholic prayer all over the world. "Prime" and "Compline" are said in English, except on Sundays and feast days, when we sing them in Latin. We likewise have been trained in Gregorian Chant, according to the explicit desire of the Holy Father, and many a High Mass is sung in our little chapel.

This liturgical atmosphere has proved to be a real asset on the mission field. There we have to do without the abundance of spirtual consolations of the mother country, such as novenas, beautiful church ceremonies, sermons and hymns, special devotions. After a few years of training, the "Missa recitata," Prime and Compline, and Gregorian Chant, can be carried everywhere, into the remotest outposts of the mission field, and they become a source of grace and satisfaction which grows with the years.

No sisterhood is complete without a lively and particular devotion to our Blessed Mother. We have chosen the title, "Our Lady Cause of Our Joy," for a double reason. In the first place, this attribute reminds us of our inestimable happiness as the children of God, as Mary became the "Cause of Our Joy" when she consented to be the Mother of Christ, and the second reason is intimately connected with the same idea. It is

"Simple gratitude impels us to hope that the spirit of the missionaries continues to dwell not only in our own California but throughout the land. This land was brought under the sweet yoke of Christ first by the noble charity that inspired men of faith to come to us, and secondly, by the no less noble charity of those who sent and sustained them in their labors." — Archbishop Cantwell, quoted in THE COLUMBUS REGISTER, Oct. 11, '40.

the duty we have imposed upon ourselves to make Our Lady known and loved by the women of the Orient. She in turn will elevate and supernaturalize their idea of motherhood, and thus become a true "Cause of Joy" to these, her downtrodden and neglected daughters.

In the course of our pioneer days, another quality has developed, for which we claim neither originality nor monopoly. It is a spirit and a habit of "pitching in wherever needed." This consists of a cheerful willingness to throw oneself heart and soul into even the queerest of odd jobs, whenever such is requested. This versatility and adaptabilty seems to be the mark of a good missionary. It is an almost indispensable quality for successful medical work in the missions, and a valuable asset at home as well. When we find a young candidate who in the course of a few hours can wash the breakfast dishes, type a letter, change an inner tube, study a Scripture lesson, and emerge smiling, we are delighted, for we know that such a person will make a missionary who can put her hand to any task without losing either her sense of proportion or her temper.

Vacation Symposium

The other day when I came up to Murree, in the last hour of the trip, the temperature dropped 28 degrees! The road climbs about 4000 feet. For ten miles the rain poured down, then the sky cleared, and I had my forty-minute walk from the bus-stop to the house in the sunshine!—Sister Margaret Mary, S.C.M.M., R.N.

Just now I am enjoying an extra weekend at this lovely elevation of 7000 feet, where the cool breezes blow, where the stillness almost talks out loud, and where mosquitoes and flies are all conspicuous by their absence. One can see why David said, "Levavi oculos meos." The only thing that breaks the stillness is the howl of the jackals at nightfall and again during the night, when they begin their symphony under the stars!—Helen Lalinsky, S.C.M.M., M.D.

Well, here I am seated on a red blanket, with a typewriter in my lap and my back against one of the numerous pine trees which adorn this section—and strew their needles thickly on the ground. My location: The hump of the camel-shaped mountain peak on which Oxford Villa (our house) is situated. Or rather, I am sitting just in back of the hump, which at this present moment hides our "villa" from my view. If I could see through the hump, my gaze would meet the rear of the house, about 200 feet away. To my right and left the mountainside is too steep for ordinary walking purposes. About 2000 feet below in the undulating valleys, mud huts of the native villages are clearly seen. Strips of cultivated ground, patches of pine groves, and in the distance ribbons of roads and rivers —really, it is all too beautiful! In back of me (I know it by heart and refuse to turn around!) the hill descends slowly, and unevenly, broken by rock gardens not made by man (Ed. note: Sister was "chief engineer" of the rock gardens in Washington once upon a time!) until it runs into Lawrence College, about two miles away, and then on to the village of Ghoragali, about a mile or two beyond that. You can get a perfect bird's-eye view of it all from this very spot, except such parts as are hidden by the pine trees. Occasionally—and this is one of the occasions—you can see ten or twenty or more miles away over the plains of the Punjab until the view is lost in a colored haze!

So much for the "local color"!

But we are working a little bit, too! Sister Ann and Sister Ignatius Marie seem to have their heads together over their Hindu textbooks from morning 'til night. Sister Cecilia is working on her Bengali hygiene lectures. Sister Virginia spends hours practicing her Bengali script and I am spending just as much time on my Urdu—while I have also brought along a Punjabi grammar with the firm resolution to make some progress.

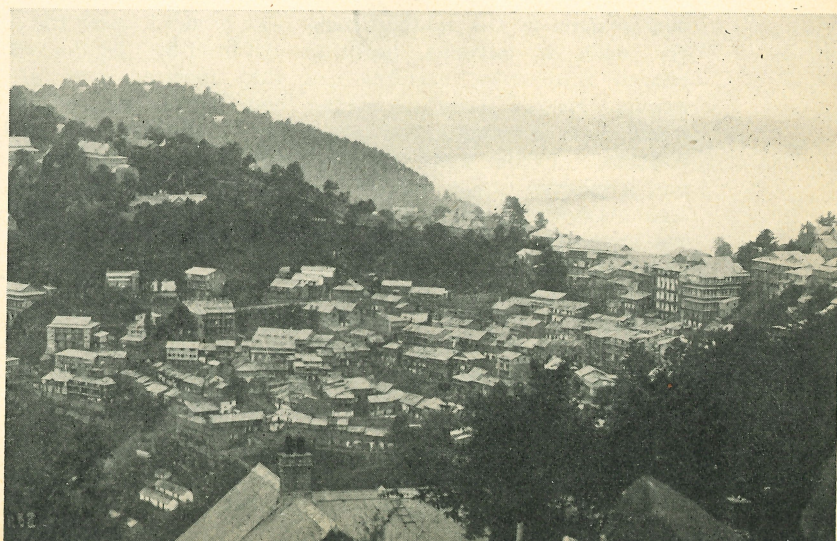
The trouble with these grammars is that most of them are made for the use of the army. So the sentences run like this: "In the morning the enemy made an attack, but they were defeated." "Orderly, take this recruit to the commanding officer." "Groom, bring my horse to the mess at four o'clock." Therefore I am seriously thinking of writing a grammar myself, in which I shall put such sentences as: "Your wife needs a small operation and must stay in the hospital at least ten days!"

But all this intellectual pursuit does not detract from the loveliness of the place. You cannot imagine how delightful it is unless you had left Pindi as we did with the thermometer around 116°. Then to arrive here and be obliged to use two blankets at night—and to hear the rain pouring down in the darkness—it is really wonderful.

There goes the supper gong—or would it be late tea?—at Lawrence College. The crows are making a great to-do, and a vulture keeps circling around, probably wishing that I would "give up the ghost" so that he might call his clan for a feast! The clatter of the typewriter does not seem to bother him at all.

The sun is beginning to go down a little in the west. It is now part-

Murree, 7000 feet above sea level



ly in my eyes. Soon it will be rising in America. I can imagine the alarm clocks going off—first in New York, then in Ohio, then Missouri and in California—but that is getting too close to home again! — Sister Alma Julia, S.C. M.M., M.T., Ph.G.

I am sorry I could not take a moving picture of my trip down from Murree last Monday. From Murree to Pindi by bus! Ordinarily it takes 2½ hours by car; it took us just **four hours!**

First of all, we were scheduled to leave Murree at 9:30 a.m. Actually we got started at 10:50 a.m.! After all, what is an hour, more or less?

It is a beautiful ride as far as natural scenery goes, for you wind round and round down the mountain ranges, past great pine woods, and then through rice fields and corn fields. The little native huts are built on the hillside, and you can walk right out from the hill onto the roof! They are hard to see, being made out of the same mud as the side of the hill. The mud walls make the room very warm in the winter and cool in the summer, but during the day the people live entirely out of doors.

The sound of the motor usually arouses a few mountain goats that go dashing down the hill. They are very alert and fleet, and make a striking picture with their long, black, silky hair. Because of their rich milk and frugal diet, they are known as the poor man's friend.

Passing the cornfields makes one's mouth water for corn-on-the-cob! The natives are very fond of roasted corn, and often you see even little children sitting by the wayside, fanning a small fire, roasting the corn, and then selling it for a few pies (coins less than one cent). At one place a little boy with a rather startling costume ran along the bank beside the road. He was wearing what was once a smart white silk frock with blue smocking on it! Evidently some English lady had discarded her little girl's dress, and this urchin had thought it just the thing!

Several times we stopped along the road to pick up more passengers, although it did seem as if not a single person more could be squeezed in. There is a favorite stopping place on the way down called "Company Bagh," where the water from the mountainside comes tumbling down in a natural falls, and here little boys earn a few pies by filling the engine with water and throwing water over the tires. There are many shops where tea and other foods can be obtained by the passengers, and so we tarried a long time.

At last we were on our way once more when there was a babble in the back of the bus: One of the men who had gotten out at the "Bagh" had not returned. The driver stopped and honked his horn (an old bulb horn, such as was used on the old model "T" fords!). No one appeared, so off we went once more. But the passengers were still very much concerned, so finally the driver stopped, pulled out a large sheet of paper, and read the information that one man was to have gotten off at "Company Bagh." That was that; the passengers relaxed, and we went on our way.

It is thirty miles or more from Murree to Pindi, but it only takes about a half gallon of gas as the drivers generally turn off the motor and coast down! Well, we were going along very smoothly when we came to a spot where we had to go **up**—and—we stopped. No gas! The only place we could get some was at the toll gate fifteen miles ahead!

Our driver tried to stop some passing cars to get a little from them, but they just would not stop. Finally one did draw up, and the driver promised to pick up the little "chaukrah" (boy) who had been sent on foot to get the needed fuel at the toll gate.

None of the passengers seemed to be very much perturbed; on the contrary, they were apparently enjoying themselves immensely. Fortunately we were stalled right beside a rushing brook, and it was refreshing to see the little stream bubble merrily on its way. It is strange that amid the hills there are not many little lakes and brooks, but there are not. I suppose it is because the ground is so dry that when it does rain, the water is quickly soaked up by the parched earth.

Many of the passengers had started to walk toward Pindi in little groups, so that when the boy finally did return and we got started again, we had to stop at least five times in the next mile to pick up the strollers.

At last we arrived at the toll gate, seventeen miles outside of Pindi. Here the fruit vendors did a good business—everyone was very hungry after their "extended" journey, and bought bananas by the bunches.

And then, after what seemed hours, we reached Murree Road—I decided I had had enough "lorry," as they call the buses here, and so I got out and took a "tonga" the rest of the way home!—Sister M. Pauline, S.C.M.M., R.N., Rawalpindi.

PATNA REPORT

Sister Mary Laetitia writes: "Government has recognized us as a hospital but not yet as a recognized training school for nurses, for which fifty beds are required and so far we have only twenty.

"We are doing a bit of remodeling with second-class bricks, mud, cowdung and whitewash.

"Father Loesch, S.J., is helping us with door frames, paint, etc. When it is completed we hope to have a little more room for patients—and sisters too!

"During the first year of our existence in Patna here we had:

161 Hospital admissions
2,357 dispensary patients
68 operations
19 baptisms.

"Holy Family Hospital in Patna will have to climb the steep and rugged path of pioneers—but it has a bright future. There is plenty of scope, and there is already a ray of hope on the horizon that the fifty-bed hospital will become a reality. Several groups of ladies are already busy praying and working—a combination bound to succeed!"

In Our Library

YEARBOOK, Catholic Medical Mission Institute, Würzburg, Germany; Annual Report, 1940, by Karl Maria Boszlet, O.P., Director of the Institute.

Notwithstanding the European war, the "Annual Report" was published as usual. The year brought many difficulties, some of which could be solved, and others which necessarily must be left for the future. A special note in the "Report" is the emphasis on the idea—and the idealism—of the "Lay Apostolate," as exemplified by the men and women doctors who are leading lives of real self-sacrifice among primitive peoples.

At the beginning of the war the University of Würzburg was closed and the Institute buildings were converted into a 120-bed hospital. The Director was entrusted with the spiritual care of the patients in this hospital, and thus his house remained the property of the Institute. The students, left without a school, were scattered. Some were drafted into the army, others —the majority — enrolled at the University of Munich, or at some other university that was still open. It was at Fürstenried, near Munich, that the Feast of St. Francis Xavier was celebrated with the customary solemnity, and on that day seven students took the mission oath. The University of Würzburg was reopened in December, but the women students remained at Munich, as there were no rooms available for them at the other university.

The "General Meeting" at the end of June was attended by the Bishop of the diocese and by Bishop Hennemann from Cape Town. Plans for the erection of a hospital for the care of tropical diseases and also of a tropical Institute were discussed—a project already begun by Professor Becker—but once more action was postponed.

One of the most interesting sections of the "Report" is that given over to letters from missionaries. However, this year these were few and brief, due to difficulty in communication with foreign countries. As a substitute there were published some letters of Dr. Anna Roggen, who worked in Brazil and China—it was in the latter country that she died, shortly after her arrival there in 1928.

In addition to these there is an article from Dr. Ludwina Betz-Korte, from Emekuku, Nigeria, West Africa, on the lepers; a description of medical treatment of the natives at Okawanga, South West Africa, by Dr. Anton Krause; a paper on the "Typhus Laboratory in Peiping" by Dr. Aufhauser, university professor of Würzburg and Munich, and another on "Hookworm and Ascaris Cure in Tropical Practice," by Dr. H. Vogel, of the Tropical Institute in Hamburg. Most of the other articles are of a religious, psychological or cultural nature.

During the month of July the yearly medical course for missionaries was given and the enrollment totalled seventy-five. A few of the doctors were on leave at the beginning of the war and are now unable to return until hostlities cease.

In the appendix there is a collection of interesting medical mission statistics. According to the list, there are twenty-five doctors of the Institute actually at work in the missions, five have returned to Germany and one, Dr. Maria Fülles, is in the novitiate of the White Sisters in Herent, Belgium, under the name of Sister Dominikus von Guzman.

—Sister M. Henrietta, S.C.M.M.

LOTS FOR LITTLE SHOP HOLDS ANNUAL MEETING

On May seventh the annual meeting of the "Lots for Little Shop" was held at the Convent of the Helpers of the Holy Souls in New York. The President, Mrs. A. McDonnell, read an inspiring report.

As our Society is one of the five beneficiaries, Doctor Dengel gave a brief account of our work, and thanked the Board and all the benefactors of the Shop for their continued generosity. May we ask our friends to remember the Shop when they have anything to dispose of? The telephone is Plaza 3-1850. The Shop has facilities to call for goods within the city limits of New York.

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Rev. Aurelian Karges, O.F. M., China

Sister Marie Electa McDermott, Hunan, China

Sister M. Madeline Walsh, Baden, Pa.

Sister M. Bernardo Shea, West Hartford, Conn.

Mother M. Philip, Cork, Ireland

Mother M. Stanislaus, Cork, Ireland

Mother M. Elizabeth, Cork, Ireland

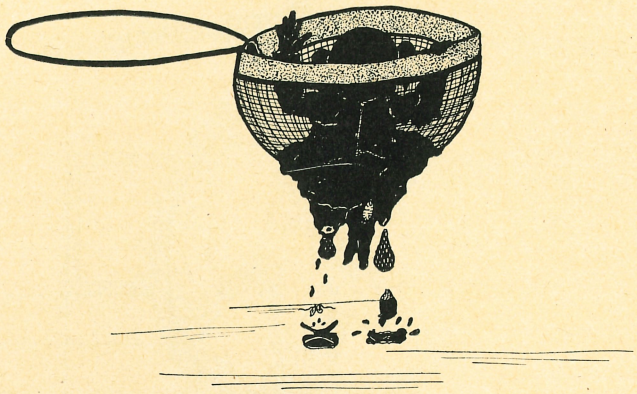
Anna McBrearty, Bellandrait, Donegal, Ireland

Evelyn L. Thomas, London, England

Sara Bernhardt, Arverne, L. I., N.Y.

Eternal rest grant them, O Lord: and let perpetual light shine upon them. May the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

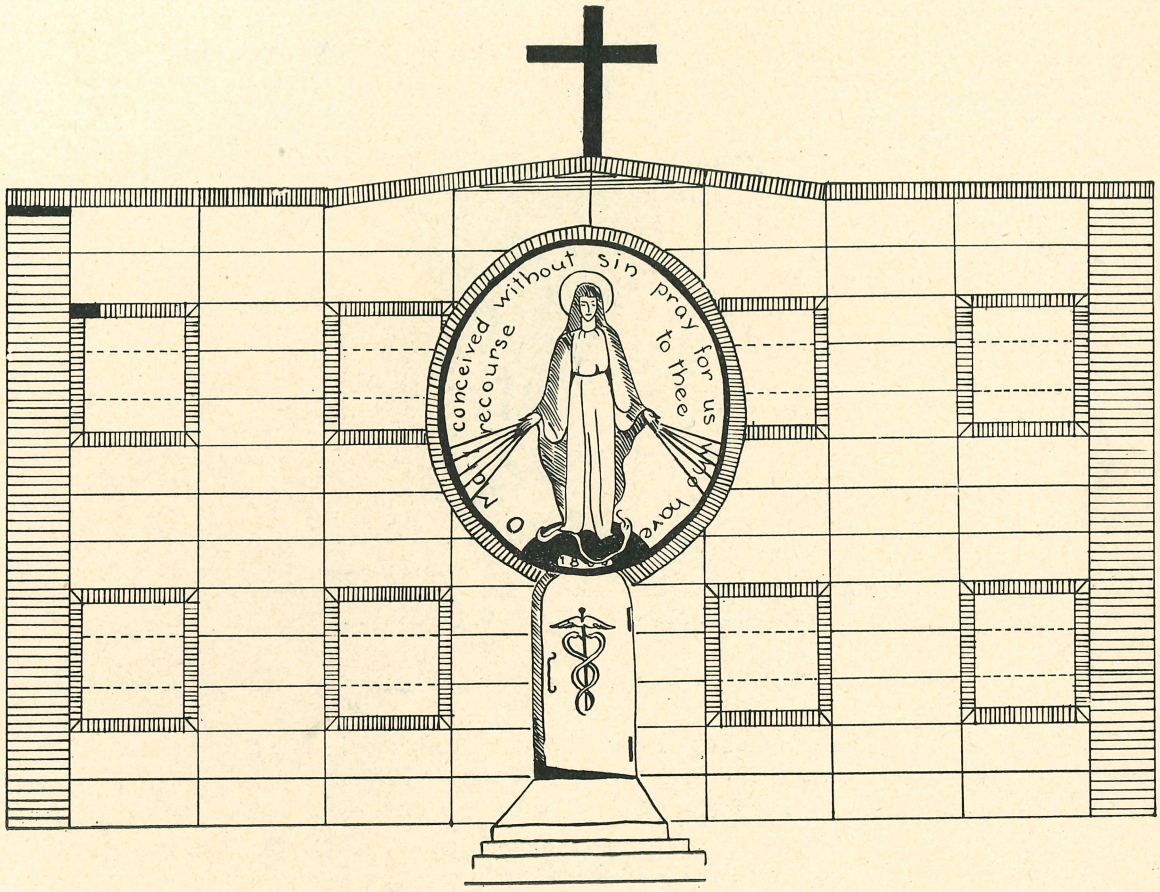
SUMMER SOLILOQUY



" . . . When laughter is forced, sure the fun (and the Shadow of fun—which means Me—Tic!—) will be strained . . ."

When sparks drop on chaff there is bound to be fire!
When a kite meets a breeze, it goes higher and higher;
And the man who aims **up** must **expect** to perspire—
—and keep smiling!
When a swamp has been filled it will look dry and drained;
The stump sawed on edge will be always cross-grained;
And when laughter is forced—sure the FUN will be STRAINED!
—so keep smiling!
When a worker works hard, he has earned a vacation,
But this does not mean that there must be cessation,
A total withdrawing from all occupation—
—keep smiling!
A man's made to think, and his thoughts seek expression,
But sometimes he bottles them up by repression—
They've been known to explode if they have no digression
—like smiling!
A spout helps the steam to escape from the kettle;
A bit of cool salve takes the sting from the nettle;
And there's scarcely a problem that you cannot settle
—by smiling!
So, off to your hobbies, and off to your fun!
The season for rest and for change has begun.
And here is the test for the, "Was it well done?"—
Did you—
—keep smiling?

—TIC



(The idea of dividing the hospital project into one hundred units of $1,000.00 each, and sub-units of $1.00 or more, was conceived before a statue of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, which explains the design. The large bricks represent $1,000.00 each: the "half" bricks (around the door) are $500.00 each; the "half" bricks along the two sides have been subdivided into shares of $100.00 each; and the "bricklets" around the windows and edging the roof are $1.00 each. The "block-ins" show $105.00 contributed to date.

Send your "brick" donation to:

DR. ANNA DENGEL
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Doctor Dengel:

As a special gift in honor of Our Lady during this month of May, I wish to send this donation of $..... as my bit toward the raising of the Pindi Hospital Fund.

.....

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HINTS FOR HELP

- A daily "Ave" during the month of June for the achievement of our new 100-bed hospital for women and children in Rawalpindi, India.
- A donation in honor of Our Lady towards the building fund.
- Help our helpers! The "Lots for Little Thrift Shop," 902 Third Avenue, New York City, will send for all goods within the city limits. You help us when you help them. Telephone: PLaza 3-1850.